LIBERTY.

A

POEM.

Humbly Inſcrib'd to

The Right Hon. the Earl of *DARLINGTON*,

By CUTHBERT SHAW,

Uſher of the FREE-SCHOOL, in DARLINGTON.

——— Oh give me Liberty!
For were e'en PARADISE itſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhou'd long t'o'erleap the Cryſtal Walls.

DURHAM:

Printed by I. LANE; and Sold by Mr. RICHARDSON, and Mr. SANDERSON Bookſellers in the Market-Place; Mr. CHARNLEY in *Newcaſtle*; Mr. BELL in *Stockton*; Mr. THORNE in *Darlington*; Mr. HILLYARD in *York*, and Mr. MANBY in *London*. 1756.

(Price One Shilling)

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A

POEM.

Humbly Inscribed to

His Right Hon. the Earl of DARTMOUTH,

Principal Secretary of State, &c.

Under cover to Jasper Gibbon, Esq.

Oh give me Liberty!
For were even Paradise mine, my Thirst
Still I'd find out, to dig the Crystal Well.

Printed for J. Jones; and Sold by Mr. Kingman, and Mr. Sanderson, Booksellers in the Market-Place; Mr. Charnley in Newcastle; Mr. Bell in Durham; Mr. Thomas in Berwick; and Mr. Hayward in York.

Price One Shilling.

LIBERTY.

A

POEM.

YE ſacred Nine! all-pow'rful to inſpire,
Each Bard, ambitious in Purſuit of Fame;
Vouchſafe for once to caſt a chearful Look
On humble Lays; tho' no ignoble Theme.

OH!

OH! wou'd the heavn'ly MUSE but deign to ſmile,
And ſafe, thro' all the Windings intricate
Of wiſh'd for Knowledge, guide her humble Votary;
Wou'd She, propitious, haſten to convey
But half th' Ideas of a MILTON's Mind;
What ſooner ſhou'd adorn his gilded Pages,
Or what ſo ſoon incite Poetick-fire;
As *LIBERTY?* —— ſo greatly idoliz'd.
For which a BRITISH Soul wou'd freely barter
The gaudy Pomp and Grandeur of a Court:
Nay more; wou'd boldly hazard even Life
On harſheſt Terms, and ſmile at Death itſelf;

Rather

Rather than baſely wear a *Gallic* Chain.

OH *LIBERTY!* tranſporting LIBERTY!
The very Name ſtrikes deep into the Soul,
Imprints upon the Heart the lovlieſt Objects;
Raiſes Emotions in a Coward's Breaſt,
And bids the Mind aſpire to nobler Deeds,
Than Human Energy can well effect. ——

LET ſervile *Gauls* their grand Inſlaver follow;
Each with regret will vindicate his Cauſe,
And ſhew their Bondage by th' ignoble Fight;
Whilſt BRITAIN's free-born Sons, true to their Prince

As

As Conſtellations to the Firmament,

Shall ruſh intrepid to the Field of Battle,

Reſolv'd to die, or do their Country Juſtice.

Sooner ſhall Planets ſtartle from their Spheres,

And groveling ſeek the heavy Maſs of Earth;

Than we can learn, inglorious, to obey,

And ſhape our Actions by a Tyrant's Nod.

Each Stripling, like th' immortal HANNIBAL,

Shall ſwear himſelf a bitter Foe to *France*,

Fir'd with a Love for *LIBERTY* and Laws.

HAIL Goddeſs! Guardian of our happy Iſle,

Happy; whilſt thou remains immoveable,

Nor

Nor leaves BRITANNIA for another Clime.

The Hermit, ſettl'd in his ſmall Domain,
Contemplates ev'ry Morning, Noon, and Night,
The little Fortune he can call his own.
Where THOU reſides, e'en Poverty looks pleaſing,
Smiles at its State, and thinks it far exceeds
The golden Fetters of the Slave-born Great.
Hence float in Numbers on the furrow'd Deep
Enormous Ships, and brave the angry Tide.
For fear of looſing THEE, each nimble Tar
Spurns the ſoft Pleaſures of the Grot and Grove;
Leaves the thick ſhaded Bow'rs, for love-ſick Swains,

And gay deck't Meads, for Flocks to graze upon.
To THESE prefers the horrid Din of Arms;
'Till Vengeance, taken on th' Incroacher's Head,
Calms his rough Soul, and bids Reſentment ceaſe.
Keen to purſue the glorious Task of Honour,
And diſengage him of inglorious Eaſe;
With no leſs Joy he leaves the leſs'ning Shores,
Than wou'd a Mariner, who, tempted forth
By greedy Views, ſhipwreck'd; has loſt his All:
And 'midſt Deſpair, finds out ſome friendly Barge,
Safe to tranſport him to his Native Home,
And long expecting Parents. —

Dauntleſs he climbs the ſtately tow'ring Maſt,
Nor fears the Rage of boiſt'rous *ÆOLUS*
Heaving the foaming Surges to the Skies:
Still, unappall'd, he overlooks the DEEP,
Defies its Pow'r, and ſteers againſt the Wind;
Chearful and Gay, as if ſome happier Change
Were to compenſate this his rugged Voyage;
Tho' well he knows, 'tis but a phantom'd Sketch,
Prelude of Scenes more terrible t'enſue.
Where, like ſucceeding Claps of frightful Thunder,
The loaded Cannon, equally pernicious,
Roars in the Bowels of the ſhatter'd Gallies.

Where Fire and Smoke thick-gath'ring diſmal roll
In dusky Wreaths and cloud the livid Sky.
Nay 'twou'd require that Antient POET's Pen;
(Who ſoaring high upon the Wings of Thought
Sung the vaſt Ruin of a once fam'd *TROY*,)
To paint the gloomy Horrors of the DEEP,
When mighty SOVEREIGNS aſſert their Right.
By Sea and Land what have not BRITONS fac'd!
Bravely to die, or ſhun a harſher Fate?
When in his Father's and his Country's Cauſe,
Th' undaunted *WILLIAM* boldly ſally'd forth,
And bid Defiance to the Pow'rs of *France:*

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Chief! my too-aſpiring Muſe
Shall ne'er impair the Greatneſs of the Deed:
But long as *PHOEBUS* with extended Rays,
Continues to illuminate the Globe,
And paler *CYNTHIA*, with her ſtarry Train,
Shall gild with feebler Rays the peaceful Night;
From Age to Age the World ſhall tell the Tale,
And thy own Actions ſpeak thy future Praiſe.
Heroes, as yet unborn, in future Days,
Shall in the faithful Records of Old-Time,
Read thy great Acts, and wonder as they read.

Description of a Battle

Hark! what tranſporting Sounds awake the Ear!
See gath'ring Troops beſpeak approaching Death!
Death, the ſure Portion of an heedleſs Throng.
As when the Thames unrufflʼd by the Tide,
Rolls down his Banks majeſtically ſlow,
'Till ſome huge Eminence obſtructs his Paſſage;
So move in thick Array the cloſe Battalions,
'Till ſome contending Powʼr appears in Sight,
Then each, impetuous, pours upon his Foe.
With no leſs Spirit, ſee! the genʼrous Steed,
With reſtleſs Motion, urging to the Fight,

And paw the Ground, impatient of the Bit.

HARK! how th' infallible Meſſengers of Fate,
In dreadful Thund'rings ſweep along the Plain!
See mangl'd Limbs beſtrew the ſpacious Field,
And ſtreaming Gore infect, with odious Dye,
The verdant Graſs!——

SEE Heroes, ſtruggling in the Pangs of Death,
Indignant bite the Ground; and vainly ſtrive
To riſe again, and vindicate their Wrongs:
But Fate, all-pow'rful Fate, in haughty Tone,
Upbraids their Pride, and bids the Wretches die.

Vaſt

Vaſt heaps of Warriors undiſtinguiſh'd fall,
The tim'rous Coward, and the gallant Hero;
Thoſe who have ſeen Ten-thouſands fall before 'em,
And ſhun'd the Fate of many a noble Chief;
Muſt now, alaſs, lay down that Load of Life
They've hugg'd ſo long. ———
Of which, twice thirty Years inclement Blaſts,
And twice that Number of fatiguing Marches,
Cou'd not compel to quit the well-kept Graſp.

UNDAUNTED ſtill ſee ALBION's warlike Sons
Stride o'er the proſtrate dead, and forward preſs,
To heap Deſtruction on the vaunting Foe:

'Till

Till thro' their Ranks they rapid burſt their Way.
Hark! Shouts proclaim the Victory at hand!
And now, rejoicing in the well-fought Field,
With raptur'd Hearts, they view th' approach of *Heſperus*;
And court Repoſe, reſtorative of Health.

And now the ſable Veil of Darkneſs flies,
The Skies repurpl'd (*repurple*) with *AURORA*'s Beams;
In tuneful Choirs the Songſters reaſcend,
And warbling Notes bid welcome to the Day.
Now Light diſplays to view the Works of Slaughter;
Ah! rueful Sight, where once the enamell'd Meads,

Where pleaſing Lawns, and gently falling Rills,
Where waving Crops, fann'd by the vernal Breeze,
Cou'd charm the raviſh'd Eye; theſe pleaſe no more;
But Walks obſtructed by the countleſs Dead
Affright the Swain, unus'd to Sights like theſe.
The Traveller, unconſcious of the Fight,
(That with a Song beguiles his tedious Journey,
And cheats the feeling of his wearied Steps,)
Confus'd with Horror, backwards turns his Eyes:
As, when a Sheep perchance has left the Fold,
And in the mazy Windings of a Grove,
Meets the grim Viſage of an hungry Wolf.

DESTRUCTIVE War! — but how to be avoided?
Shall ever ALBION's Sons ignobly Stoop
T'embrace the Bondage of perfidious *France?*
Avert it Heaven! ——— 160
Rather let Slaughter ſtalk along the Plain,
Let *MARS* ſpeak Havock to the peaceful Globe;
'Till e'en the Name of *Gallia* be forgot;
And not a Native by his ſpurious Breed,
Stain the ſtrict Honour of a purer World. 165

THEN haſte, ye choſen Bands of warlike Souls,
(And may Imperial *JOVE*, inviſible,

Yet

Yet Omnipreſent Being, ſtill propitious,
Aid your Attempt, and bid you proſper:) Haſte,
And give the *Gauls*, perfidious *Gauls*, to know,
Your's are the Lands your conqu'ring Arms have won,
'Tis Your's to ſway the Sceptre of the Sea;
But their's t'obey. ——
—— And thou brave *GEORGE*,
(The great Promoter of thy People's Weal:)
Who, with a Temper equally divine,
Canſt calm the ill-tim'd Fury of thy Foes;
And when revolving Years bid Tumults ceaſe
Nor noiſy Drums diſturb the peaceful Morn;

Canſt

Canſt well conſult, alike the Patriot's,

And Peaſant's Good. ———

Long may'ſt thou live, and long may BRUNSWICK's Line,

With equal Prudence rule th' obſequious Realm,

Since *BRITAIN* owns no other Sway but thine.

FINIS.